



SYNOPSIS.

Mr. Solomon Pratt began a career of story, introducing well-to-do Nathan Scudder of his town, and Edward Van Brunt and Martin Hartley, two rich New Yorkers seeking rest. Because of latter pair's lavish expenditure of money, Pratt's first impression was connected with lunatics. The arrival of James Hopper, Van Brunt's valet, gave Pratt the desired information about the New Yorkers. They wished to live what they termed "The Natural Life." Van Brunt, it was learned, was the successful suitor for the hand of Miss Agnes Page, who gave Hartley up. "The Heavenlies" hear a long story of the domestic woes of Mrs. Hannah Jane Purvis, their cook and maid of all work. Decide to let her go and engage Sol. Pratt as chef. Twins agree to leave Nate Scudder's abode and begin unavailing search for another domicile. Adventure at Fourth of July celebration at Eastport. Hartley rescued a boy, known as "Reddy," from under a horse's feet and the urchin proved to be one of Miss Page's charges, whom she had taken to the country for an outing. Miss Page and Hartley were separated during a fierce storm, which followed the picnic. Out sailing later, Van Brunt, Pratt, and Hopper were wrecked in a squall. Pratt landed safely and a search for the other two revealed an island upon which they were found. Van Brunt rescued it from Scudder and called it Ozone Island.

CHAPTER VII. Sweet Simplicity.

And so that's how they began to live the Natural Life, what Van called the "accept-no-imitations" kind. I says "they," but I ought to have said "we" for I was in it. I was in it over head and hands from that time on. I didn't mean to be. When I said I wouldn't emigrate to Horsefoot Ozone and be cook and general rouabout for the Heavenly Twins I was just as certain I meant what I said as a body could be.

"No," says I.
"Yes," says Van.
"How can I leave the Old Home folks?" I says.

"How can you leave us?" he says.
"But you've got James."
"Yes, but James hasn't got us."
"But I can't afford to come," says I.
"You can't afford to do anything else," says he. And that's about what it amounted to—I couldn't afford to do nothing else. The wages kept jumping like summer folks' bids at one of them auction sales of "antiques." I seemed to be as valuable as grandmother's busted hair cloth sofa. If I'd hung out long enough I callate the Heavenlies would have fixed me so I'd have begun to feel 'twas a crime to die rich. I give in first; I want everybody to understand that.

"All right," says I. "That'll do; I'll come. But I hope you'll pay me in a dark room. I'll be ashamed to look you in the face and take that much money."

They said they was satisfied if I was. I was satisfied, all but my conscience. Made me wish I could swap consciences with Scudder.

Nate's conscience wasn't worrying him any; you can bet on that. I wasn't around when he made the deal for renting 'em the island, but, from what I heard afterwards, the price would have been high if he'd been selling it to 'em by the pound to scour knives with. He agreed to get bedding for 'em and tin things, and a pig, and crockery, and hens, and groceries, and boards to tinker up the barn with, and anything else that might come in handy. Likewise he was to fetch and carry for 'em between the village and the island; so much to fetch and twice that to carry. And Huldry Ann was to do the washing.

When the Twins told me about it you'd think they'd just pulled through one of them stock "deals" of theirs, and come out on top.

"Isn't it great?" crows Van, happy as a clam at high water. "We've arranged it all. Everything is provided for and will be done."

I could see two things that was going to be done—brown; but I didn't say nothing.

"It's mighty good of Scudder to accommodate us this way," says Hartley. "He's a gem, a rough diamond."

"Scudder," says Van, "is one of Nature's noblemen."

Of course 'twasn't none of my funeral; I couldn't interfere. But I'm a democrat myself, so the nobility don't appeal to me much, and if Nate Scudder's a diamond I'm glad I can't afford jewelry.

The next day was a busy one for all hands, each in his own particular line. Nate commenced running "accommodation" trains, so to speak, between his house and the village and Horsefoot Bar—Ozone Island, I should say. As for me, I went up to the Old Home house right off, explained matters to the manager and cleared out for my new job. The Heavenlies moved over to Ozone that very morning. Lord James went with 'em and the simple naturalness commenced.

Fast as Nate would arrive in his dory with a cargo of dunnage I'd cart it up to the Berry house and dump it on the piazza. Lord James was flying around, with a face on him as sour as a cranberry pie, opening windows and airing rooms and sweeping out, and the like of that. The old shebang had been shut up for a couple of years and was as musty and damp as a receiving tomb. His lordship looked like the head mourner; this kind of work jarred his dignity.

"Look a-ere, Pratt," says he to me. "Ow long do you think we're going to stay 'ere'?"

"Where?" says I, sliding a trunk and a coal hod off my shoulders, and mopping my forehead with my shirt sleeve.

"Why 'ere, on this 'orrible sand 'eap'."

"You want to be careful," says I, "how you call names. This is Ozone Horsefoot Island, and it's a branch station of Paradise. Didn't you hear the boss say so?"

"But 'ow long are we going to stay 'ere'?" he says again.

"Well," says I, "when a feller gets to Paradise it's the general idea that he's there for keeps. What are you growling about? Such a nice restful spot, too. Don't you like to be restful?"

He looked at his hands, they were all over blisters from the broom.

"Restful!" he groans. "Good 'eavens!"

"Come, James," says Hartley, loafing around the corner, with his hands in his pockets. "Get a move on. We must have this house in order by tonight."

The Twins was awful busy, too. They done the heavy superintending. Hartley superintended the house and piazza and Van Brunt bossed the unloading and trucking of the dunnage from the dory. As for me, I was the truck. After the first day was over I could see that all the natural living I'd done in my time wasn't the real thing at all. Not a circumstance to it.

I carted dunnage all the forenoon. Then I cooked dinner and washed dishes. James was going to help me wipe



"What's the Use of 'Er Lowering 'Erself to Marry a Man Whose Father Got 'Is Money in Trade?"

'em, but Van's clothes had got wet when he was adrift in the Dora Bassett and they had to be pressed. So I wiped and cleaned up and carted more dunnage, including stove pipe and blankets and flour and quilts and nails and pork and pillows and a rake and sugar, and the land knows what. Then I cooked supper. And how them Paradise tenants did eat!

"By gad, you know!" busts out Van Brunt, with his mouth full; "this is what we've been looking for, Martin. This is getting back to nature."

Hartley grunted, being too busy with a fried mackerel to talk with comfort. But it was easy to see he was satisfied.

They went on, bragging about how good it was to cut loose from the fight and worry of the Street. At last, according to Van, they realized that life was worth living.

"No more speculation for me," he says, joyful. "No more fretting about margins. I don't give a continental if the bottom drops out of the market and carries the sides with it. I hereby solemnly swear for the fifth time never to buy another share of stock."

Then he reaches after another half-acre slab of my Johnny-cake.

Lord James was upstairs in the sleeping vaults sorting out bed clothes. The sheets and blankets and things was more or less mixed up with the hardware and groceries. I was out in the kitchen getting ready a second relay of mackerel. The dining room door was open, so I could see and hear everything.

"By the way, Martin," says Van, buttering the Johnny-cake, "how did Agnes look? Well?"

"Yes," says Hartley, short.

"She must have been surprised to see you. Did you tell her we were naturalized citizens, or on the road to it?"

"No."
"No? Why not? She probably thinks that we're down here organizing another syndicate. For a girl whose mother is of the world worldly,

Agnes has developed queer ideas. I suppose I ought to go over and see her," he went on. "You said she had another girl with her. Who it is?"

"Margaret Talford."

"Talford—Talford? One of the New port Talords? Oh, I know. Pretty little girl, dark hair and brown eyes, and—a way with her?"

"I guess so. Very likely. I haven't seen her."

Van seemed to be thinking. "I'll go over to-morrow," he says.

Then he commenced to whoop for more mackerel and 'twas time for me to load up the platter. I thought I'd cooked supper enough for six men, but when the Twins got through I had to fry another ration for me and Lord James. Eat! I never see such sharks in my life.

When they'd finished everything on the table, except the knives and forks and the dishes, the Heavenlies went outside to smoke cigars and promenade up and down the beach. His lordship and I set down to have a bite ourselves.

"Say," says I, "that Page girl is a good looking, ain't she?"

He was horrified, same as he always was when you mentioned the New York big bugs without getting up and bowing.

"Miss Page," says he, "is a member of one of our first families."

"Want to know," says I. "First in what?"

"First in everything," he says. "Her father was one of our oldest residents."

"So?" says I. "Oldest inhabitant, hey? I suppose he could remember way back afore the town hall was built, and about the hard winter of '38, and how his ma's cousin used to do chores for George Washington."

I knew pretty well what he meant, but, you see, I liked to stir him up. He was such an innocent critter; always swallowed hook, line and sinker. It done me good to see him stare at me after I said things like this.

All he said now though was "'Or-rosers!"

"How about your boss, this Van

calling him a "born financier" and all sorts of names.

"So?" says I. "Then I don't see that Miss Page had any complaints. 'Taint usual for a young woman to kick because her steady company is making too much money. There's something else. Out with it. I'll keep my mouth shut."

So then he told me a little—much as he knew, I guess likely. Seems that he was acquainted with the feller they call the butler—sort of a steward, I judged he was—over at the Page girl's house. And this butler was sweet on the "maid"—the young woman valet who took care of Agnes' duds and spare rigging. And one night this maid happened to be in the "conservatory"—which I presumed likely was the high-toned name for the preserve closet—and Miss Page and Hartley was in the setting room. And Agnes was laying into Martin for staying downtown and neglecting her.

The maid said she could hear only part of the talk, but 'twas more than average sharp and vinegary. Agnes told Martin he was getting more mercenary every day he lived. That all he thought of was the office and making money. She detested a mercenary, hard, money-grasping man. Said money-loving was the worst vice there was, and she thanked God she had none of it, meaning vice, of course—she had money enough to sink a ship.

Then Martin he speaks up proud and short and says he has been working hard and had been trying to make money. Said he had a good reason for it, and some day he would tell her what it was. She said he could tell her now or hang his May-baskets on somebody else's door—or words to that effect. He says "Very well," and she says something else, but the maid didn't 'sar it because just then old lady Page come in and give her her walking papers for listening.

"And so," says Lord James, "the engagement was broke off. And a good thing, too, I say. What's the use of 'er lowering 'erself to marry a man whose father got 'Is money in trade?"

"How did Van's dad get his money?" I asks.

"By inheritance," says he. "Of course Mr. Edward dabbles in shares, but, Lord love you, only for the fun of it."

"How was the inheritance come by in the first place?" says I. He didn't know, but I found out afterwards. Grandpa Van Brunt was an alderman.

The Twins come back into the house then. They come in slapping and jawing. I judged that the mosquitoes was living the Natural Life too. The Heavenlies set down on each side of the fireplace—I had a wood fire going, just for sociableness—and smoked and talked.

By and by Van rummages out that Natural book and spreads it open.

"Martin," says he, "hark to the voice of the oracle. Come in here, skipper, and improve your mind."

But me and his lordship was improving the dishes just then, and, when that was done, he had beds to make and I had bread to mix and fires to lay and wood to chop and a couple of million other chores to do. The Twins read and talked until they got sleepy, which was about half past nine or so; earlier than usual, but neither of 'em had rested well the night afore. I guess. Anyhow, they went upstairs to turn in and I kept on with my work. Lord James turned in, too. He had the back bedroom, the one over the kitchen.

"Was still as still could be. The door and windows was open and there wasn't a sound except the mosquitoes humming glad and thankful, and the breeze whining in the pines outside and the waves moaning along the bay shore of the island. Once in awhile I'd hear his lordship thrash over in bed and fetch a grunt or a groan in his sleep. He had one of the late Marcellus' cornhusk mattresses, and I wouldn't wonder if there was a cob end or two in with the husks. A rake across the back from a corn cob ain't the most comforting thing in the world even when a feller is used to it, and Lord James had been brought up tender.

Pretty soon I went to the back door to throw out some fish bones and things and then I heard somebody tramping through the sand up to the house. Neighbors are scarcer than snake's finger-nails 'round Horsefoot Ozone and I couldn't think who was coming at this time of night. I ain't a nervous chap, generally speaking, but I remember how old Marcellus had died in this very house all sole alone, and the short hairs at the back of my neck begun to bristle up. I callated if anything would fetch a sot old codger like Marcellus out of his grave, the doings of the Heavenlies was that thing.

But in a minute more the walker got into the light from the door and I could see him. And I was 'most as much surprised as if he had been Marcellus himself. 'Twas Nate Scudder, with his arms full of bund's.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prudence.

"Why did you hit that boy when he was down?" asked the gray-bearded man. "Don't you know that was a cowardly thing to do?"

"It wasn't cowardly; it was just prudent," replied the boy who had delivered the blow. "He was down because he slipped, and I was afraid he might not step in the same place again if I let him get up."

His Investment.

Old Lady (who had given the tramp a nickel)—Now, what will you do with it?

Hungry Hobo—Waal, ye see morn, ef I buy an auto, there ain't enough left to hire a shofar. So I guess I'll get a schooner. I kin handle that meself.—Bohemian.

ROMANTIC TALE OF A CITY.

Begun on Rafts of Tree Trunks in a Lake—Now a Metropolis.

The story of the founding of the City of Mexico is one of the most extraordinary tales in history. It happened in 1326, at least, it began a long time before that, but was an accomplished fact about 600 years ago.

In the first place, says the Rosary Magazine, imagine an almost inaccessible mountain, crowned with a valley at the height of 8,000 feet above the level of the sea. In the center of this valley was an immense lake. When the Aztecs arrived, led by the priests of the God of War, they found it in the possession of hostile tribes.

For that reason, and because the priests declared that in a certain part of the lake where there stood an elevation of stones an eagle had been seen devouring a serpent, they began the construction of the city on this spot, immediately over the deepest waters of the lake. There had long existed a prophecy among the Aztecs that their wanderings would end when they should have reached a place where the priests would behold an eagle resting on a cactus plant, devouring a serpent.

Confident that they had found the spot ordained to be their abiding home, they began to construct rafts of the trunks of trees, covering them with thick layers of earth, upon which they built rude huts of more or less solidity. Groups of dwellings soon began to form themselves in regular order, thus determining the primitive streets of the new city.

They also constructed boats and oars of different sizes useful in peace and war, and while certain of their number occupied themselves in defending their homes and brethren from the onslaughts of hostile tribes, others continued to improve and enlarge the new city. Gradually the lake was filled up, and terraces arose, one after another, in the place once occupied by the deep waters.

This was in itself a herculean labor, unsurpassed in ingenuity and durability by any similar work of ancient or modern times. Upon the first of these terraces was constructed the Teocalli, or sacrificial temple. It was begun in 1216 and not completed until 1325, a period of 109 years, from which time may be dated the official foundation of Tenochtitlan, to-day the modern City of Mexico.

Ostrich Farming Profitable.

A new industry which promises great possibilities has been started in Australia. At Nardoo, Connamble, ostrich farming is meeting with success. There are 120 ostriches on one farm. The firm is using incubators, the same as those used to hatch out the modest product of the domestic hen, only that the egg drawers are made deeper for the purpose, while the temperature for a successful hatch is 102 degrees Fahrenheit. Artificial incubation is preferred to natural. The young ostriches require careful handling for the first month or six weeks of their existence, the one essential being green food, such as lucerne. The value of the feathers produced by each bird a year is \$40. They can be plucked at any time after they are large enough, and yield feathers black, white and drab in color. The male bird yields the most valuable feathers.

In the Far West.

Native Maiden—This is such a rude place for you.
Newcomer—Why so?
Native Maid—Because you are such a civil engineer.

Seek Natural Feeding Ground.

Whitefish fry, hatched in the United States hatchery at Kingston, N. Y., when liberated, almost invariably expatriate themselves immediately by swimming to their natural feeding ground, along the northern shore of Lake Ontario.

Foreign Birds in Connecticut.

Sixty-five thousand Hungarian partridges, a bird about twice the size of our quail, have been imported and liberated during the last two years by the Connecticut game commission.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

NATIONAL STOCK YARDS, ILL.—Cattle—Good to choice steers, 5.25 to 5.75; fair to medium steers, 4.00 to 5.15; good to choice heifers, 4.75 to 6.00; fair to medium heifers, 3.00 to 4.50; good to choice cows, 4.25 to 5.00; fair to medium cows, 2.75 to 4.00; canners and cutters, 1.25 to 2.00; stockers and feeders, 3.00 to 4.50; calves, 2.00 to 3.50; bulls, 2.50 to 3.00; Hogs—Select heavy, 6.00 to 6.25; mixed, butchers and packers, 5.00 to 6.00; lightweights, 5.35 to 6.00; pigs, 4.25 to 5.50. Sheep—Lambs and yearlings, 5.00 to 5.50; Hogs—Heavy, 6.00 to 6.25; mixed, 5.50 to 6.00; mutton sheep, 4.00 to 4.25; bucks, 3.50 to 5.00.

KANSAS CITY.—Cattle—Native steers, 5.00 to 5.25; southern steers, 4.00 to 5.15; northern cows, 3.00 to 4.75; native cows and heifers, 2.50 to 4.00; stockers and feeders, 3.75 to 5.75; bulls, 3.00 to 4.50; calves, 2.75 to 3.50; western steers, 4.00 to 5.00; western cows, 3.25 to 4.25; Hogs—Heavy, 6.00 to 6.50; packers and butchers, 5.50 to 6.75; light, 6.30 to 6.65; pigs, 5.00 to 5.75. Sheep—Muttons, 5.75 to 6.00; lambs, 6.75 to 7.00; range weathers, 4.50 to 7.00; few ewes, 3.50 to 7.50.

CHICAGO.—Cattle—Prime beefs, 5.50 to 7.10; poor to medium, 4.00 to 5.40; stockers and feeders, 3.30 to 5.30; cows and heifers, 3.30 to 5.00; canners, 1.55 to 2.00; Texans, 3.75 to 5.50. Hogs—Light, 6.25 to 6.75; rough, 6.00 to 6.65; mixed, 6.70 to 7.00; pigs, 5.25 to 6.15. Sheep—Natives, 3.25 to 6.15; westerns, 3.50 to 6.20; lambs and natives, 5.75 to 7.85; westerns 5.75 to 7.90.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.31 to 1.32; No. 3, 1.15 to 1.30; No. 4, 1.09 to 1.24; No. 5 hard, 1.14 to 1.19; No. 6, 1.11 to 1.12; No. 7, 1.05 to 1.08. Corn—No. 2, 64 to 65; No. 3, 64 to 65; No. 4, 62 to 64; No. 5, 60 to 62; No. 6, 58 to 60; No. 7, 56 to 58. Oats—No. 2, 54 to 55; No. 3, 53 to 54; No. 4, 51 to 53; No. 5, 50 to 52; No. 6, 49 to 51; No. 7, 48 to 50. Standard, 54 to 55.

BOY IS RANSOMED, MAN HUNT IS ON

OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA OFFICIALS DETERMINED TO BRING MEN TO JUSTICE.

KIDNAPERS RECEIVED \$10,000

Money Was Paid to Woman in Candy Store and Lad Was Put on Street Car and Directed to Where Father Waited.

Cleveland, O.—Little Willie Whitle is found; now to find the men who stole him.

A man hunt began in Ohio and Pennsylvania that has had no parallel since the detectives ran down Pat Crowe, kidnaper of Eddie Cudghy. With the departure of James P. Whitle, taking his son, Willie, to the mother who awaits the boy in Sharon, Pa., the second chapter of one of the country's famous kidnapping cases closed, and the third began.

Willie Whitle was restored to his father at the Hollenden hotel in this city. In obedience to a summons contained in the kidnapers fourth letter, received at Sharon, the father came to Cleveland, left \$10,000 in greenbacks at a Cleveland store, then went back to his hotel and waited.

Boy Is Placed on Car by Captors.

At 8:30 his boy was brought to him by men who had found him on a trolley car where he had been placed by his captors and told to say absolutely nothing except his destination. The police of the two states will unite in the man hunt, for, although the crime was committed in Pennsylvania, the ransom was paid in Ohio. There are two means by which the kidnapers may be traced. The first and most promising is by the personal descriptions given by the boy they stole, and by the few with whom they unavoidably came in contact while negotiating for the ransom. The second is through the currency received from Mr. Whitle.

When Attorney Whitle met his boy in the hotel lobby, he cried: "This is my son that was lost and is found. I wanted my boy, that was all. I did not want to have his captors caught."

Father Is Resentful.

But, with Willie safe beside him, a resentment that was but natural and human arose against the men that have caused Mrs. Whitle the greatest suffering that can wring a mother's heart, and, while as yet taking no active part in the hunt for the kidnapers, he gave the police all the information at his disposal.

This was little. Bills that made the \$10,000 ransom were in denominations of \$5, \$10 and \$20. This by order of the men who overheard them. A report that Whitle had marked them is not verified at this time. That amount of currency in small bills, however, would make its possessors conspicuous, unless they scatter it among a number of confederates, and thereby increase the risks in another direction.

The lad had been placed on the car at the eastern outskirts of the city. A man who waved good-bye to him until the car was out of sight had placed in the boy's hand a slip of paper asking that he be put off the car at the Hollenden hotel corner and directed to the hotel. On the car, however, G. W. Ramsey and Edward Mahoney recognized the boy, and, with a policeman they notified upon alighting at the hotel, accompanied him into the lobby.

Tried to Disguise Him.

An attempt had been made to disguise the lad. He wore a pair of smoked glasses and a large tan cap, which was pulled down over his ears, and the father said it would have been difficult to have recognized the boy in such a garb had he passed him on the street.

Willie is in perfect health. He says he has been well treated, and ever since his capture has been constantly indoors. He believes he was taken from Sharon to Warren, and thence to Newcastle, Pa.

Mr. Whitle said he received a letter from the kidnapers at his home in Sharon, saying that if he called at a confectionery store in the east end of Cleveland he would be told how to obtain his boy unharmed.

It is his opinion that he was in Ashtabula on Saturday night at the time his father was to leave his \$10,000 in Flatiron park.

Willie Whitle and his father left on the Erie train at 8 a. m. A big cheering crowd gathered about them at the Hollenden, and gave them a noisy farewell.

Silver Dart Makes Two Flights.

Baddeck, Nova Scotia.—The aerodrome Silver Dart, with J. A. D. McCurdy of the aerial experiment station at the wheel, made two successful flights, starting from the ice in Baddeck Bay.

Postal Station in a Bakery.

Muskogee, Oklahoma.—The postal substitution for the East Side will be established in a bakery. Postmistress Alice Robertson, prohibitionist, crossed the drug stores off her list.